

Impervius, Probably

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Impervius, Probably

by [lumosatnight](#)

Summary

Harry, Draco, and the rest of the gang make an impromptu trip to Magical IKEA, aka MIKEA™, the newest shopping sensation amongst the British Wizarding community. What starts as an innocent perusal of hand-eating dressers soon turns into a garish nightmare of roaming furniture and ever-changing floor plans when Harry and Draco get lost from the group and are left behind to fend for themselves.

Will they make it out alive? (Yes). Will Harry get bamboozled by the kaleidoscope lamps? (Also yes). And will Draco ever get to try a Swedish meatball? (Maybe).

(Sequel to the sequel to [Impervius, Not](#))

Notes

Drarry's Daily Drabbles: One continuous Drarry story told in daily drabbles, droubles, trabbles, quadrabbles, quintabbles, and sexabbles (heh). This is supposedly a sequel (technically a sequel to a sequel), but it can also be read on its own, something short and fun with very minimal angst— mild angst for getting lost in IKEA because that shit is stressful.

Set 200 blissful days after Harry and Draco got together in [Impervius, Not](#) and shortly after the chaotic events of [Impervius, Maybe](#), join the dynamic duo on this epic adventure as they traverse the perilous, mind-boggling aisles of MIKEA™.

Happy 200 days!

MIKEA

Welcome to the first and only **Magical IKEA**, perfect for all your wizarding needs! From self-cleaning plates to color-changing drapes, we've got it all right here!

Come inside for today's special deal: BUY ONE GET ONE 17% OFF our *Turning Tottling Chairs!* These one of a kind chairs automatically adjust to your height and, if asked nicely, can transport you across the room! Forgot your cauldron cake by the frog lair and don't want to get up? No problem! Just tell your chair to carry you there!

(Offer available for a limited time, in store purchases only. Warranty sold separately.)

Wrong Lever

“Hey, you made it!”

“Ugh, parking was terrible. I am never doing that again.”

Ron, Harry, and Draco follow after Hermione as they pass through the sliding glass doors to meet up with Ginny and Luna on the other side.

“You’re the one that wanted to bring the car. We could have apparated in.”

Ron gives a quick hello to his sister and her girlfriend.

“But what if we buy something big? I don’t want to pay for delivery,” responds Hermione, mid-hug with Ginny.

“That’s the point though,” Ron argues. “Harry and Draco are the ones paying.”

“By all means, Ron, just go on a shopping spree with MY money,” Draco grouches.

“We wouldn’t even be here if it weren’t for our broken bed,” Ron says pointedly.

Harry looks away sheepishly. Draco pretends not to have heard.

“Shall we get going?” says Luna.

She collects a gigantic blue bag from the rack and drifts towards the stairs.

“The magical entrance is over here. I heard they set it up like a popular muggle movie. Harry, would you like to do the honours?”

“Um, sure.”

Harry ambles forward.

“What do I do?”

“Pull the lever, Harry.”

THUD. SPLASH.

“Oops, wrong lever.”

Very Properly Impressed

“Well, well, well. Look what the niffler dragged in.”

“Blaise.”

Draco encircles his old friend in a bone-crushing hug.

When they separate, Blaise notices the rest of Draco’s entourage.

“Lovely to see you all. I believe the last time was... back at Hogwarts.” Everyone politely doesn’t mention that they hated each other back at Hogwarts.

“Do you work here?” Ginny asks, taking in Blaise’s obnoxiously blue uniform with glittering yellow accents.

“That I do.” Blaise gives a little bow.

“I didn’t know that,” says Draco.

“Ah well, after mum’s third husband— he was muggle-born so we didn’t mention him much—took me to IKEA for some father-son *bonding*”—Blaise rolls his eyes— “I realized that wizarding furniture was severely lacking and decided to make my own.... And now here we are.” He does a large sweep of his hand towards the towering ten floor store behind him.

Ron gives a low whistle.

“Impressive,” says Ginny, properly impressed.

“Very,” Hermione agrees.

Blaise graciously tips his head. “But not as impressive as all of you, it seems. Taking over the ministry...”

“I’d hardly say that,” says Hermione, preening. The papers had recently announced her new position as the Undersecretary to the Minister for Magic.

“...beating my favourite team at quidditch...”

“They must’ve been a lousy team then,” says Ginny, smirking. The Holyhead Harpies were currently on a six game winning streak.

“...and ridding our crime-infested streets of corruption.”

“Yeah...” says Ron. “Still working on that one.” He had spent all of yesterday eating chocolate frogs at his desk and periodically harassing Harry.

“Anyways.” Blaise claps his hands. “I’ll let you be off. If you mention my name at checkout, they might even throw in an extra sunflower.”

With a last wink, Blaise saunters away.

“Well,” says Ginny, “he seems nice.”

Draco scoffs.

Charming Chats, Childish Choices

“What’s this?”

“That,” says Hermione, “is an anti-theft dresser. Don’t touch it if you don’t want to lose a hand.”

“Ahh.” Harry retracts his hand.

He rushes to catch up to the group.

“What about this?” Harry keeps his hands carefully to himself.

“Those are the *Space Is Spacious* shelves,” Ron reads from the tag.

“All these names are boring,” Ginny gripes.

“I think it’s nice...” Luna rotates the shelf. “...using alliteration.”

She rotates it again, a new face appearing.

Ron continues. “It says here ‘These 2-sided shelves can store up to five faces at once.’”

“But how do they work?” Hermione muses. She waves down a salesperson. “Excuse me, Miss...”

“Here we go,” mutters Ron.

“I’m hungry,” declares Ginny. She loops her arm around Luna. “We’ll be getting food if you need us.”

“*Harrrrrrrry*,” Draco pouts.

“Later. We’ll get butterbeer ice cream *later*.”

“But the *meatballs*,” Draco whines. “They’re supposed to be quaffle sized.”

“Patience, love.” Harry whispers in Draco’s ear, “I’ll reward you later.”

Draco shivers. “Fine, but if I don’t get my meatballs, I’ll be very cross.”

“Noted.”

“Harry!” Cho Chang, Harry’s ex-girlfriend and continued acquaintance, exclaims.

“Well, I better see if Hermione needs help,” announces Ron, already dashing towards the shelves.

“Hi, Cho.” Harry retreats from Draco’s ear. “How are you?”

“I’m good, really good. Mitch and I were just looking for a new table. It’s his first time here.”

“Oh, is Mitch a muggle?” Draco assesses this *Mitch*.

Harry elbows Draco in the ribs.

“Nngh... it’s our first time too,” says Draco.

“Really?” replies Cho. “Isn’t it amazing? There’s so much to see.”

“Yeah, amazing,” agrees Harry. Draco grabs his waist. “But we’ve only seen one floor so far.”

“It’s really great...” She notices Draco’s glare over Harry’s shoulder. “I just remembered we have to go. It was nice seeing you, Harry.”

“You too,” says Harry. “You’ll write me?”

Draco’s arm tightens around him.

“Sure...” Cho smiles hesitantly then hastily escapes.

Draco relaxes his grip.

“You didn’t have to do that.” Harry threads their fingers together.

“Didn’t I?”

“You really didn’t.” Harry raises their entwined hands, placing a kiss on Draco’s knuckles.

“Sir, can I interest you in our expansible wardrobes?” A salesperson waves a sign in their faces. “They come with 3 pre-set locations and the option of adding more.”

“Yeah, okay.” Harry lowers their hands but doesn’t let go. “How much are they?”

Draco Fires Off a Dragon

“Wow, that felt exactly like the Hogwarts grounds. I can’t believe we were inside a wardrobe.”

“Magic,” Draco says drily.

“Yes, but *still*. ”

They walk a few feet. Everything is eerily quiet, no hustle of shoppers, no chatter of salespeople.

Draco turns in a circle. “Where is everyone?”

The lights dim, plummeting them into darkness.

“Err,” says Harry.

The lights flicker back on, a muted bluish tinge to them.

“You don’t think that the store is cl—”

“That’s exactly what I think,” snaps Draco, pacing towards the door. He grabs Harry’s hand, dragging him along too.

After traversing a few blue-lit rooms devoid of people, they stop.

“I’m contacting Blaise,” Draco says, reaching for his wand.

“Good idea,” says Harry. “I’ll see if Ron and Hermione know anything.”

“No idea, mate,” Ron’s terrier patronus says a few minutes later, swimming over Harry’s shoulder.

“We were so worried when we couldn’t find you,” Hermione’s otter adds.

“Just go out the way we came in. That’s what me and ‘Mione did,” Ron suggests, his terrier chasing Hermione’s otter across the room.

Harry sends his stag. “But how? That entrance is probably closed and it’s impossible to find without the lights.”

“Try asking Luna.” Hermione’s otter gets caught by Ron’s terrier and snuggles into its side, both of them fading in a flash of light.

“Thanks for the help,” Harry mumbles.

“Ginny and I left from the seventh floor apparition point,” Luna’s hare explains moments later, “but I suppose that would be blocked now.”

Harry groans. His friends are absolutely useless.

What is the point of having friends if they can't even help him escape from MIKEA™ ?

“Oh!” gasps Luna.

Harry’s hopes rise.

“Neville’s Flutterby bush is blooming. Did you know they only bloom once a century?”

Harry’s hopes fall.

“That’s wonderful,” says Harry, feigning enthusiasm he doesn’t feel.

He gives up and walks over to Draco. He leans into Draco’s chest, burying his face in Draco’s neck. Draco’s arms come up to wrap around him.

At least Harry isn’t alone.

“When you make it to the first floor,” Blaise instructs, his monkey patronus circling their feet manically, “the exit is impossible to miss.”

Draco fires off a dragon (because of course Draco’s patronus is a bloody dragon). “How do we get to the first floor?”

“It’s super simple. Just make sure you... *avdthbdstllcsts* ...”

“Blaise, what?”

A long pause, so long that Harry thinks Blaise fell asleep.

Finally, Blaise’s monkey reappears, this time doing a handstand. “Listen, I gotta go. Daphne’s here and you know how she gets if she’s ignored for too long. You’ll figure it out, I’m sure.”

“Yes, but how do we find the door?”

Nothing.

“Blaise?” Draco shakes his wand, checking for the hum indicating his patronus was received.

“Think he’s busy,” says Harry.

“Wanker,” grumbles Draco. “Can’t even get us out of his own store.”

Harry shrugs. “We’ll be fine. We just have to find the first floor. Can’t be that hard, right?”

Oh, how wrong Harry was.

Purple

“Are you sure?” Draco asks again.

“Positive.” Harry pivots around a purple lamp.

“So you keep saying, but we’ve passed the chandeliers five times now.”

“No, we haven’t.”

“Harry.” Draco stops walking. “*Look.*” He points to an aisle with familiar twinkling lights.

“But I— That’s impossible. I’ve been following the patterned lamps towards the stairs. Yellow flowers, then green apples, grey clouds, and the purple paisley one back there.”

“You mean... the *kaleidoscope* lamps that change colours every thirty seconds?”

“Umm... yes?”

“You’re hopeless,” Draco groans. “And we’re lost.”

Harry is loath to admit it, but Draco may be right.

Fluffy Blankets, Fuzzy Armchairs, Furry Carpets

Harry and Draco are walking, pinkies intertwined, past a gigantic display of bizarrely shaped toilets (one looks like a goat and screams upon flushing) when something lunges at Draco's head.

"ARGH!!! Get it off!" Draco struggles madly against the *thing*.

"I'm trying!" yells Harry, frantically pulling at Draco's head. "It's stuck!"

"Use a spell then!"

"But what if it—"

"Just do it, Harry! Before I suffocate in here."

"Okay, okay!" Harry points his wand at Draco's wriggling head, hoping for the best. "*Relashio*."

The *thing* contracts, grip relaxing.

Draco whips it off and chucks it on the ground. It slumps, coiling into a pile.

"Is that... a blanket?"

Harry approaches and the blanket quivers.

"What're you doing?" Draco backs away.

Harry reaches a hand out and pets it.

"It's friendly. We probably just scared it."

The blanket slithers up his arm, like a fluffy snake. Harry scratches down its spine (?). It ruffles its fleece and curls tighter. He nudges it towards Draco.

"Nuh-uh. Get that away from me."

"Just try. It won't hurt you."

Draco cautiously approaches. The blanket pauses then slithers onto Draco, winding up his arm and settling around his shoulders like a long scarf.

"I guess this isn't so bad." Draco pets under its chin (?).

Harry smirks. Draco scowls.

“Where are we?” Draco says some time later, the blanket settled around his neck for the foreseeable future.

“*Living Room and Office: Floor Nine,*” Harry reads from a nearby sign.

“NINE? But we just came from six!”

“Dunno how that happened,” says Harry. “We definitely took the stairs *down.*”

“Harry, I swear on Salazar Slytherin’s basilisk if you led us the wrong way again—”

“That was *one* time!”

“More like *five* —”

A low rumble sounds, sending vibrations along the ground.

“What was that?” Draco clutches the blanket closer.

An office chair hurls around the corner and wheels by. A second later a collapsible desk shoves past them.

“What the...”

More items race by: rocking chairs, coffee tables, ottomans barking in fright.

Harry grabs Draco’s hand. “Let’s get out of here.”

A couch teeters past, sweeping them up in its haste.

“AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!” Draco screams, clinging to Harry as Harry clings to the armrest for dear life.

“Don’t let go!”

“I’ll never let go, Draco!” Harry grips tighter.

...but then, the couch tips them off and skitters away.

Harry lands on the ground with a large *thump*. Draco lands on Harry with an even larger *THUMP*.

“Gyyyyyah! How are you this bony?” Harry rubs his bruised ribs.

“Next time I’ll do it on purpose,” Draco threatens.

“Wait... Do you hear that?”

“I don’t—”

The rumbling sounds again, closer this time.

Harry is climbing to his feet and pulling Draco up when *The Armchair* wobbles around the corner. Fuzzy pink velvet and at least twenty feet tall, *The Armchair* lurches forward, shaking the floor with every swivel of its considerable backrest.

“RUN!” Harry screams.

“I’m trying!” Draco pants.

Harry grabs Draco’s shirt and *yanks* him faster. They sprint down the aisle and careen through the door. Draco’s blanket catches on the frame and they stumble.

A furry carpet with swirling illustrated ferns surges up and catches them as they fall. Before they can scramble upright, the carpet curls around them and rolls them away.

A few *bumpity bumps* down the stairs later, they reemerge from their carpet cocoon. *The Armchair* is, thankfully, gone and the dark blue blanket is, miraculously, still wrapped around Draco’s neck.

Harry sits up gingerly. “This place is worse than the Forbidden Forest.”

“Knowing Blaise, I’m not surprised,” Draco replies.

He winces and slumps into Harry’s side.

Harry Potter, Harry Potter, That's Me!

Approximately *many* hours —actual number unclear; Harry hasn't bothered checking— later, Draco jerks Harry to a stop in the decorations area.

“Merlin's pants,” Draco breathes.

“What?” asks Harry.

“This is amazing.”

Draco places both hands on Harry's shoulders and spins him around.

Staring at him from floor to ceiling are portraits of Harry in all shapes and sizes.

“Hello!” the closest portrait calls, a watercolour about the size of Harry's head. “Are you looking for a picture of the Chosen One? Because you should *choose me*.”

“Don't listen to him,” the drawing next to him declares, a pencil sketch with hair askew. “I would *love* to be *your* Boy Who Lived.”

“That doesn't even make sense,” another image proclaims, this one an oil painting highlighting a *very* defined set of abs that Harry is sure he doesn't actually own. “What you gotta do is entice them to take you home.” The painting clears his throat and slants his eyes. “If I opened my *Gryffindor*, would you *Slytherin*?” He winks.

Harry flushes red.

“Mmm, I'd let you slither in,” Draco responds in a sultry voice.

“Would you now?” painting-Harry rumbles, licking his lips. Harry sincerely hopes he looks nothing like that when trying to be seductive.

“Alright,” real-Harry says. “That's enough flirting with my portrait.” He grabs Draco's wrist and pulls him away.

“But things were just getting interesting,” Draco complains.

“Yeah, we'll see how interesting it is when I rip that painting to shreds.”

Draco huffs. “As long as you're paying for it.”

“Greetings!” a new picture yells on their right, the largest one yet. “Can I be your Golden Boy?”

Harry reaches for Draco again.

“No, wait!” it cries. “Or I could be your Rosy Boy.” The canvas flashes a rosy red. “Maybe you don’t like the square shape. I could be a circle too.” Another flash and the black frame morphs into a large circle.

When Harry remains unimpressed, it says, “Or I could be a squid.” A large crack and the frame shifts again, splitting into 2 shapes, a triangle floating above a square. “Okay, that one still needs work,” it admits.

“No, looks perfect,” says Draco, grinning.

Harry rolls his eyes and leads him away by the wrist.

They almost make it out of the aisle when Draco stops again.

“Oh, this is hilarious,” Draco laughs, standing by a framed image of the Golden Trio. “I hope Hermione saw this. She would hate what they did to her hair.”

The figures are almost comical, eyes painted five times their normal size. Harry knows people have an obsession with his eyes but this seems absurd.

They look over Harry and Draco with interest, none of them talking.

“Err, hi,” says Harry. “Would you be able to tell us how to get to the first floor?”

They whisper amongst themselves, then Ron speaks.

“Ron. Ron. Ron WEASley!”

“Yeah... you’re Ron, but can you tell us where the first floor is?”

Hermione opens her mouth and Harry is cautiously hopeful. Surely even in portrait form, Hermione is still the smartest.

“Hermione,” she says.

“Okay... do you know any words other than—”

“Hermione.”

“Right,” sighs Harry.

“Hermione, Hermione, Hermione.”

Harry looks at his portrait self doubtfully. “Don’t suppose you could help.”

“Harry Potter, Harry Potter, uh! Harry Potter, Harry Potter, yeah!”

Draco snorts loudly. “Look darling, he sounds just like you.”

“Harry Potter, Harry Potter, uh! Harry Potter, Harry Potter, that’s me!”

“Yeah,” Harry seethes. “A spitting image.”

He drags Draco away before his boyfriend can expire from wheezing, a chorus of “Ron! Harry! Ron! Harry! Heeeermione!” chanting behind them.

Sneaky Slytherins and Their Cunning Wiles

Harry steps into the pulsing blue tunnel and looks up.

Fish swim above him. Seahorses, sprites, a miniature kraken.

“Are they real?” Harry reaches out to touch the glass.

“They’re toys,” answers Draco.

He, too, tilts his head up, in awe of the underwater spectacle. Harry pauses to admire the blue light flickering over Draco’s pale face— *ethereal*.

The end of the tunnel is a fake farm. Toy animals meander about, mooing occasionally or clucking at red-painted walls.

A log speeds closer. Harry manages to jump over it, but Draco isn’t so lucky.

“Bugger,” Draco swears, landing on his arse. “Well, help me up, you lazy sod.” He glares up at Harry.

Harry laughs at Draco’s disgruntled expression, but reaches down and helps him up.

“Look!” Harry exclaims. “I remember these!”

“What are they?”

“Uhhh...” Harry checks the tag. “A *Rockin’ Rider PonyCycle*.” He snorts. “They definitely weren’t called *that* when I was younger.”

“What do they do?”

Harry pats the *PonyCycle*’s soft head. It keens into his touch. “So it’s a pony... on wheels...”

“Sounds stupid.” Draco starts petting the second one. It gives a little neigh. “Why not use an animation charm? Remove the wheels?”

Harry rolls his eyes. “They’re *muggle* toys.”

“So?”

“So, muggles don’t have animated toys... well okay, they do, but not this one.”

Draco hums—the sound he makes when he thinks Harry is being an idiot, but also doesn’t want to argue.

“Wanna try them?”

“I don’t know if you noticed... but we’re *much* bigger than they are.”

Harry waves him off.

“They’re sturdy. Trust me. If they can hold Dudley, they can hold us.” He smirks at Draco.
“Wanna race? Or are you scared?”

Draco narrows his eyes. “Oh, you’re on, Potter.”

They squeeze on, and Harry admits he may not’ve thought this through. The *PonyCycles* are so short that fully mounted his knees almost come up to his chest. Draco, with his longer legs, is even worse off.

But, whatever. Harry is committed now.

With a *bang* from Harry’s wand, they’re off, rolling across the room— or awkwardly scooting —their laughter echoing around them.

Harry rushes ahead, but Draco soon catches up, bumping him from behind.

“Hey!” Harry skitters sideways, nearly falling off. “No cheating!”

Draco grins. “It’s not cheating if you never said not to.”

And *dammit*. Sneaky Slytherins and their cunning wiles.

“Fine.” Harry grits his teeth and bumps Draco back.

Their race quickly morphs into *PonyCycle* bumper cars, Harry and Draco getting more vicious with each attack.

“Hah, I win!” Draco hoots, when Harry is sprawled on the floor.

“No, you didn’t,” Harry grunts. He flings his body forward, his hand slapping across the finish line.

He sits up, triumphant.

“Piss off,” Draco says, sulky.

Harry slowly stands, his joints creaking. Maybe this wasn’t such a bright idea.

“C’mon. Don’t be upset, just because you weren’t paying attention.”

“I’m not upset,” Draco says, clearly upset.

“Mhm.”

“I want a rematch,” Draco declares.

“Maybe later.” Harry rotates his ankle; it gives a loud crack.

Draco scowls. “I’m going to buy these stupid ponies, just so I can beat you later.”

At that, Harry laughs, a full stomach-clenching laugh.

“Alright, whatever you want, love.” He stretches up and kisses Draco’s cheek. “But let’s get out of here first.”

Draco closes his eyes as Harry lets his lips linger.

Eventually, Draco huffs and Harry knows it’s settled (for now at least).

They leave the toy area, Harry with a last pat for the *PonyCycle* and Draco with a curious glance toward the stuffed monkeys hanging from metal bars in the corner.

Intruders

Harry watches in horror as a nearby sign spins on its axis and lands in the complete *opposite* direction.

He groans and rubs his eyes.

“What’s wrong?” Draco glances around.

“This place is *definitely* messing with us. That sign just *switched directions*.”

Draco clicks his tongue. “I thought Hermione was joking earlier, but...”

“Hermione?”

“She was saying how certain magical buildings rearrange themselves and distort directions after sensing intruders, a type of self-defense mechanism.”

“Splendid,” says Harry.

“She also mentioned a boy who got lost and reappeared ten years later without his memories... but that might’ve been unrelated.”

“Flipping fantastic.”

Not Bad for Furniture Food

“I’m hungry,” Draco whines.

“You look a bit peaky, dear,” a voice says.

“Who said that?” Draco whips around, his blanket swinging.

“Over here, lovely.”

Draco peeks between two cabinet samples, Waffling Walnut and Cheery Chestnut.

“A magic mirror?” Draco says, sceptically. “You don’t look very magical.”

The mirror huffs.

Draco rolls his eyes. “Well, what’s your power then?”

The mirror shifts, glass swirling like mist.

“*Knowledge*,” it says mysteriously.

“Right,” Draco scoffs, then adds seconds later, “Where’s the exit?”

“Tsk-tsk. What’s the magic word?”

“Are you serious?” Draco demands. “Fine, whatever... *please*.”

The glass morphs into an image of large sliding glass doors—the muggle entrance to MIKEA™.

“Are you daft? I said *exit*. Show me THE EXIT.”

The mirror somehow addresses Harry even though it’s, well, an immobile mirror.

“Is he quite alright? Does he require glasses? This is very clearly the exit.”

Harry snorts. “No, he’s um—he was hoping to see the inside view. We’ve already seen the outside.”

The picture fades. “Oh well, in that case... I don’t have access to many inside rooms. Very heavy restriction charms.”

Draco stomps his foot. “I knew it! Useless pile of dragon’s crap.”

“Draco—” Harry starts, but the mirror roars over him.

“Why, I never! The insolence, the disrespect—”

“Sorry about him.” Harry tugs Draco’s arm, pulling him back. “But would you mind terribly if you showed us where to find food?”

The mirror sniffs.

Draco opens his mouth, but Harry pinches him quiet.

Finally, the mirror swirls again, a large eating area appearing. On one end is a shiny kitchen with what Harry hopes is food. *And what a stroke of luck!* On the other end, just through the door, is a familiar hallway—the hallway that they’re currently standing in. *Food is only a few feet away!*

“Brilliant!” Harry grabs Draco’s shoulders and steers him away. “Thanks so much for your help!” he calls back.

The mirror tuts, but if mirrors could smile, Harry thinks it would be smiling.

They hustle down the hall and into the eating area, Harry nudging Draco first.

“There, go get your meatballs.”

Draco grumbles, but bounds over to the fridge nonetheless.

“SOLD OUT!” Draco releases an inhuman screech. “They can’t be sold out! ”

“Are they really?” says Harry, digging through a different fridge and emerging with a platter of mashed potato, vegetable samosas, and jerk chicken.

“That *never* happens.” Draco slumps onto the ground.

Harry aims a warming charm at his plate. “Are they even Swedish?”

“Yes... no... does it matter? I won’t get to try them anyways,” Draco wails.

Harry plops down beside Draco, sticking a fork in his face.

“Here, have some of this at least.”

“I’m not hungry.”

Harry shrugs. “Fine, but you better not complain later.” He takes a bite. *Hmm, not bad for furniture food.* To Draco he says, “I saw slices of tiramisu in the case over there.”

“I don’t want any,” moans Draco, slumping further into the floor.

Lies...

Draco eats four slices.

Blaise Might Be Evil

“I’m tired,” Draco whines.

“I will *drop* you,” responds Harry, struggling under Draco, who is settled on Harry’s back.

They stagger into the next room where Harry promptly drops Draco onto the nearest bed, collapsing after him.

“This mattress,” says Draco, “is *literally* made of rocks.”

“Find another one then,” says Harry, eyes closed.

Draco clambers off, huffing.

Harry clutches the *Lighter Than Air* pillows tighter before they float away and settles in.

Fifteen minutes later, Harry is drifting off when—

“HARRY! Harry, wake up!”

Harry opens his eyes. Everything is dark except for a sliver of light above him, where Draco's white-blond hair is visible.

“What happened?” Harry struggles to sit up.

“Your mattress got sucked underground.”

“Huh,” says Harry.

Draco puts an eye to the hole. “Blaise probably added that feature, so people wouldn’t fall asleep like we did.”

“You know, I’m starting to think Blaise might be evil.”

Draco makes a strangled sound.

“Wait, I’m gonna make the hole bigger.” Draco’s face disappears and a hawthorn wand pokes in. “*Deprimo.*”

Harry feels the ground— mattress —creak below him.

“Uhhh... Draco...”

A loud *rip* and the mattress falls away. Harry catches onto a rough ledge, his legs dangling dangerously, his wand thankfully still in his pocket, but unable to retrieve without falling to his doom.

Draco swears above him, the hole now gaping open, so Harry can fully see Draco's face, pale with worry.

"Just float me up," Harry calls.

"Blaise's charm.... It's blocking... shit. Harry, just... stay there. I'm gonna find something to pull you up."

"Not like I can go anywhere," Harry mumbles.

Draco returns a minute later.

"You find anything?"

"There isn't one single broom in this blasted store!" Draco says, heaving for breath.

"What about anything else?"

Draco sighs. "I found a measuring stick and a fencing rod..."

"That's gr—"

"Which both broke."

"That's... not great."

"Hang on!" Draco jumps up ("I *am* hanging," Harry mumbles). He unwraps the blanket from his neck, gives it a loving pat, and lowers it into the gap.

"Grab on!"

"Sure..." Harry judges the distance between the blanket and his right hand. "Alright, I'm going!" With a jolt of strength, Harry lunges, the blanket's soft fluff settling in his grip.

"Got it!" he shouts. "Draco, pull me—"

"UHHHHHHHHH!" Draco screams.

He falls through the hole and crashes into Harry, both of them plunging into the monstrous chasm below.

The Muggle Way

“Did you really have to fall on me” —Harry winces— “AGAIN?!”

“It was an *accident*.” Draco scrambles off and brushes imaginary dirt from his shirt.

“Yeah? You sure?”

Draco flicks Harry’s arm.

“*Lumos*, ” says Harry.

They’ve landed in a warehouse, it seems— rows of shelves, filled to the brim with boxes big and small. The wind howls in the distance, the shelves giving an ominous creak.

“C’mon,” says Harry, grabbing Draco’s hand. “This place is probably worse than the mattress.”

“You don’t say.” Draco rolls his eyes but follows after Harry.

They amble along, passing whistling teapots and rattling shower curtains (“Is that one see-through?” says Draco, but Harry continues pulling him along).

Some time later, in which they barely escape the crêpe-makers with their ears intact, Draco spots a large grey door.

“It’s locked,” Draco says, after trying numerous spells unsuccessfully.

“Here, let me.” Harry pushes past Draco, putting his wand away.

“Harry, what—”

“Ahh, here.” Harry pulls a hairpin from his pocket. He sticks it into the keyhole and fiddles it. “When I lived with those muggles...”

“You mean the filthy maggots who locked you in a cupboard?”

Harry twists the pin. “Yeah... them. Well, when they used to lock me in my room, I got very good at breaking out...” The lock clicks and the door swings open. “...the muggle way.”

“Amazing,” Draco gapes.

He lunges forward and kisses Harry full on the mouth, hands tangling in Harry’s hair.

They linger in the doorway, bodies pressed together, until a cold breeze makes Draco shiver. The wind growls louder, the shelves shaking and threatening to topple over.

“Let’s go,” says Harry, sliding through the door and slamming it behind them.

“Mmm,” Draco hums in his ear. “But we’re not finished yet.”

Now, Harry is the one who shivers.

More Comfortable

The garden room is beautiful— miniature lanterns fluttering their wings, rainbow flowers creeping across the grass, vines swaying into every crevice.

Or, it would be beautiful, if either of them noticed.

They wobble into the room, hands roaming.

“Oh,” Draco moans, when Harry palms his arse.

“*Oh*,” he moans again, when Harry squeezes harder.

“Oh!” he... doesn’t moan, when the *Beauty Water* fountain splashes them.

Draco shakes his head, drenched locks dripping.

“Never. Coming. Here. Again,” he seethes, and Harry can’t help but agree.

“C’mere,” says Harry. “Let’s get cleaned up.”

Draco shrugs away. “No, I think not.” He strips off his soaked shirt, trousers falling next.

“Ahh, this is *much* more comfortable.”

He spreads the blanket out, laying down and tilting his head, completely naked.

Harry hesitates. “Isn’t the blanket wet?”

“*Impervius*,” Draco casts lazily.

Harry nods and slowly removes his own clothes, laying them in the dry grass.

Draco reaches for him, and then it’s a haze of skin and sweat, grunts and groans, murmurs of love, and cries of pleasure.

They fall asleep, the dark blue blanket curling around them, the flowers sighing in content.

And...

Unbeknownst to them both, the exit waits just beyond the vines.

Sonorus

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Well isn’t this cute?”

Harry and Draco are curled up on the floor of the garden section, fast asleep and completely oblivious to Blaise looming over them.

Blaise takes his time circling the pair.

He clears his throat.

No response from the cuddling couple, not even a twitch.

“*Sonorus*,” Blaise says, pointing his wand at himself.

He crouches down, bringing his mouth mere millimetres from Draco's ear.

Harry and Draco remain peacefully sleeping in their bed of flowers,

...but they won’t be for much longer.

Blaise takes a deep breath and then...

“*GOOOOOOOD MORNING, BEAUTIFULS! WAKEY WAKEY, TIME TO ESCAPEY!*”

Chapter End Notes

Translation of Blaises’s advice from [Chapter 5](#): “Make sure you... **avdthbdstllcsts**” = **avoid the beds at all costs**.

In case you were wondering, assembling magical furniture is just as bad as, if not worse than, non-magical furniture. Lots of very specific spells and small pieces that need to be attached in order.

I have more to the series planned, unfortunately not involving MIKEA™ (if anyone wants to continue these adventures, just tag me, please), but get ready for the rating next time to *ahem* *rise* up on trembling thighs and release a long drawn out moan. See you again soon! 886 :)

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